Set by Mr. John Eccles, & Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle
in the Second part of Don Quixote.

I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, my

Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla-----shes,

like Lightning Fla-----shes, within my Breast there glows a so---lid

Fire, which in a Thousand, Thousand Ages can't expire. Blo-----w,

blo-----w, blo-----w, blow, blow the Winds great Ruler blow, bring the

Por ỹ Ganges hither, tis Sultry, Sultry, Sultry Weather; powr 'em all on my Soul, it will

hiss, it will hiss, it will hiss like a Coal, but never, never be the cooler: 'Twas Pride hot as Hell, ỹ first

made me rebell, from Loves awfull Throne a Curst Angel I fell, And mourn now ỹ Fate, wth my

Self did create, Fool, Fool that consider'd not when I was well

Set by Mr. John Eccles, & Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle
in the Second part of Don Quixote.

I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, I burn, my

Brain consumes to Ashes, each Eye-ball too, like Lightning Fla-----shes,

like Lightning Fla-----shes, within my Breast there glows a so---lid

Fire, which in a Thousand, Thousand Ages can't expire. Blo-----w,

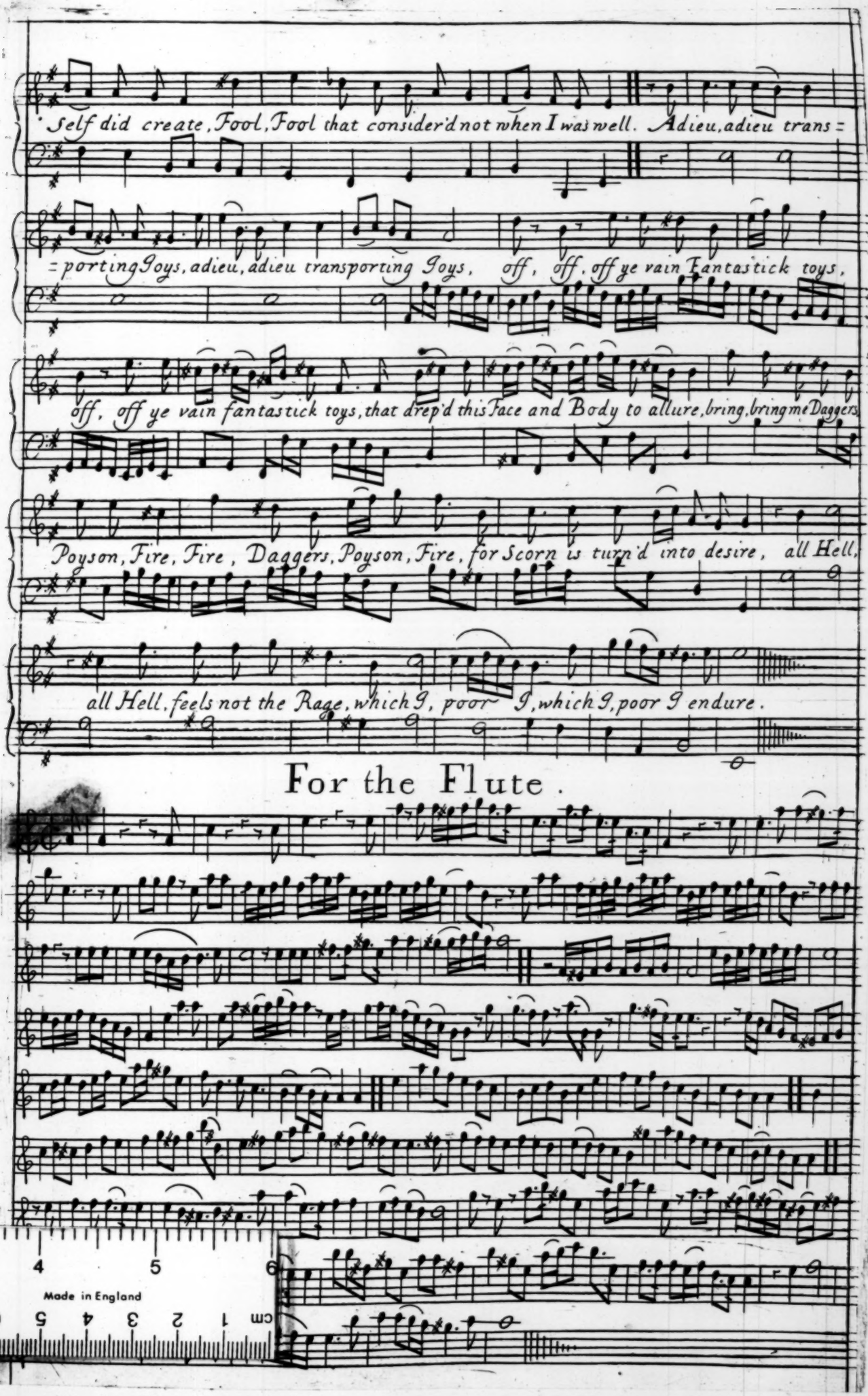
blo-----w, blo-----w, blow, blow the Winds great Ruler blow, bring the

Por ỹ Ganges hither, tis Sultry, Sultry, Sultry Weather; powr 'em all on my Soul, it will

hiss, it will hiss, it will hiss like a Coal, but never, never be the cooler: 'Twas Pride hot as Hell, ỹ first

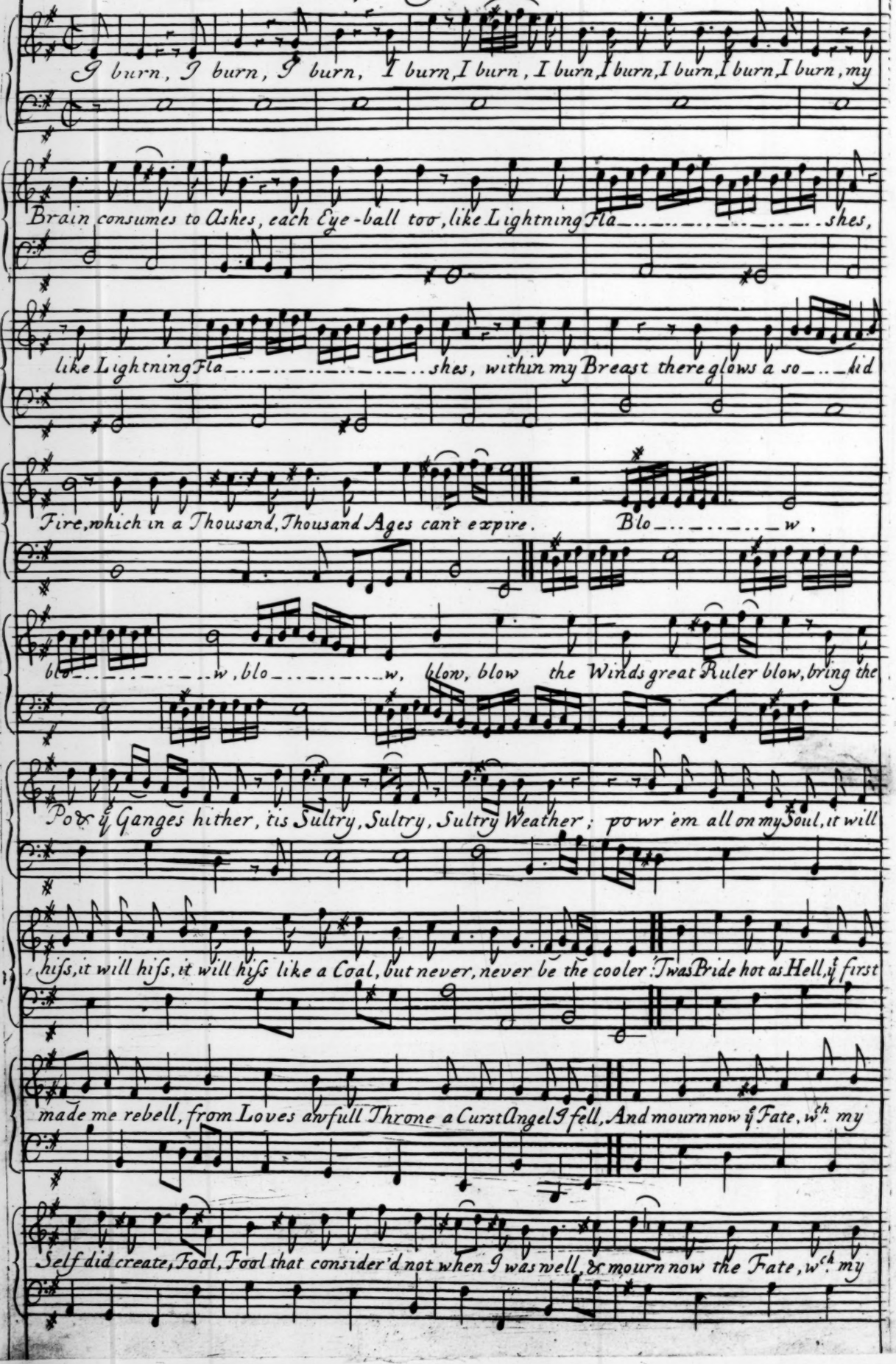
made me rebell, from Loves awfull Throne a Curst Angel I fell, And mourn now ỹ Fate, wth my

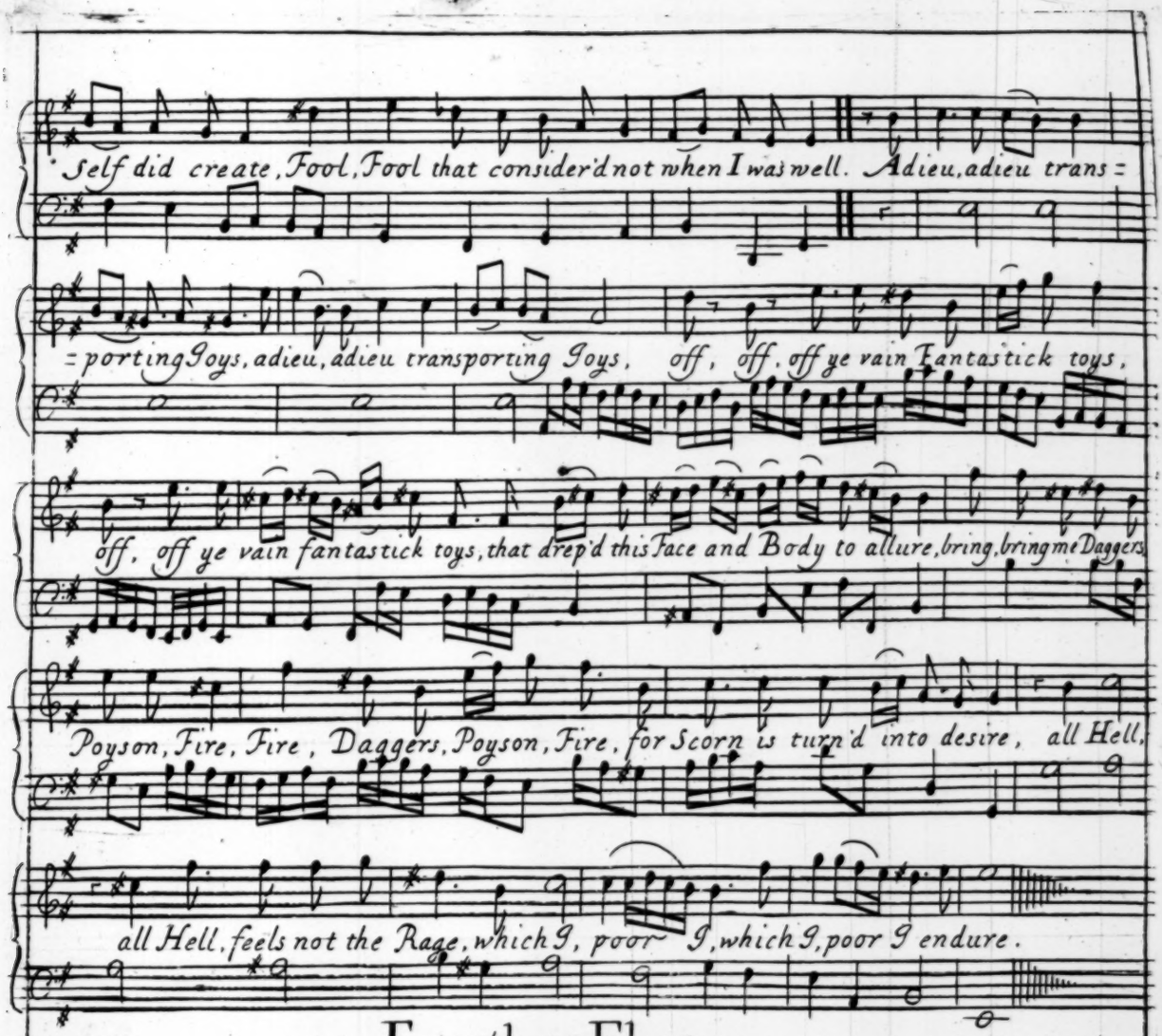
Self did create, Fool, Fool that consider'd not when I was well

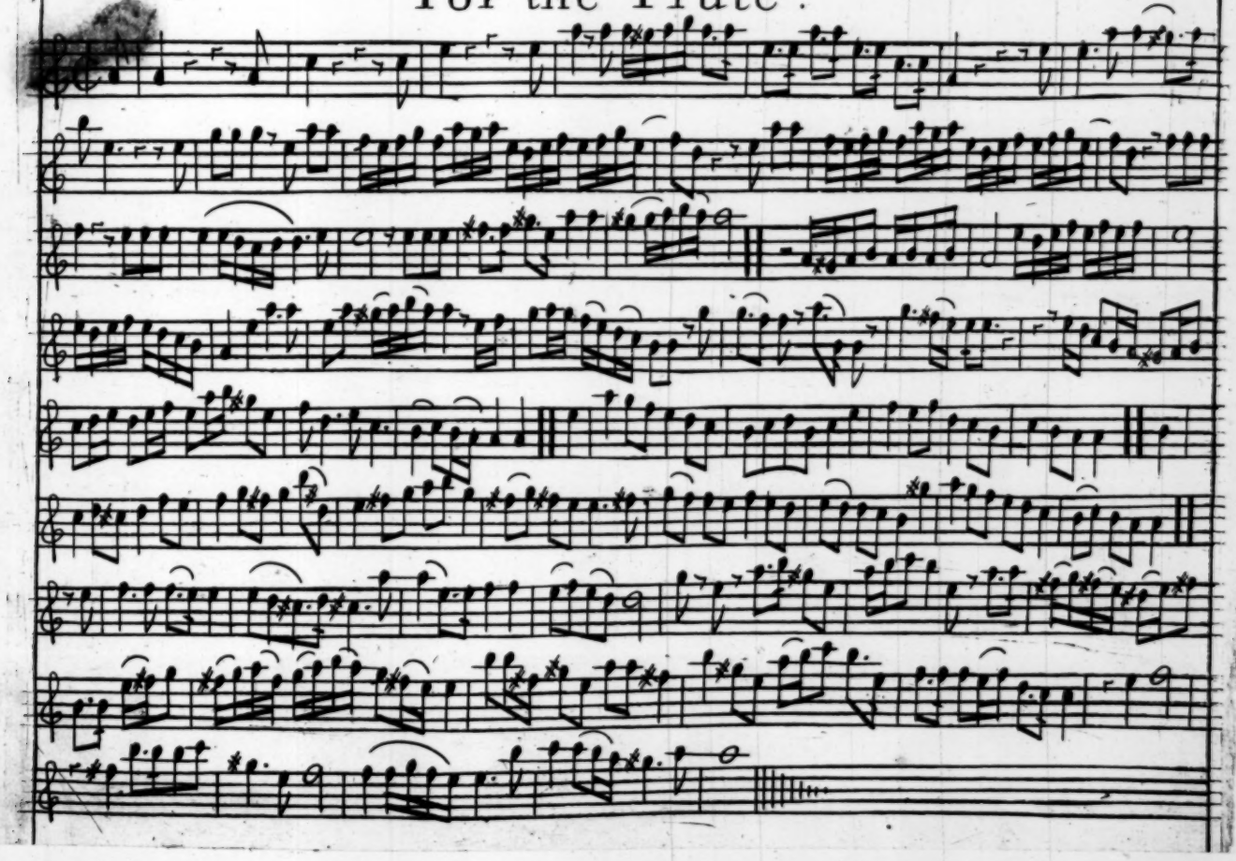



# For the Flute.

Set by Mr. John Eccles, & Sung by Mrs. Bracegirdle
in the Second part of Don Quixote.






For the Flute.